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## "Brother"

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Come, my friends

'Tis not too late to see a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite

The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths

Of all the western stars, until I die

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and Heaven; that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

God Bless you Professor Willie Lavonsa Moore.

## “Brother”

A peaceful spirit  
A quiet way  
Always attentive  
Often not a lot to say  
Until he got to know you  
And then you would see,  
    the smile, the laughter, the insight—  
    yes, then you would see the real brother—  
    just being  
    himself . . .

A kindred spirit  
Who knew that many times life in our country  
    was not really ours,  
For life involves freedom . . .  
    being yourself  
Life in your country means you can be yourself  
    and laugh, and joke, and play — and tell stories, and not  
have to explain  
    you can be different and not have that count against you  
    But the poet says “We wear the mask that grins and lies”  
But in your country,  
    Not a piece of land but a peace of mind,  
you can be  
    not under the magnifying glass,  
    you can  
    be . . .

Imagination  
What was it like at brother’s earthly beginnings  
    Fresh air and open spaces  
    Close family and love  
    Struggle and waiting,  
    Sacrifice and dedication  
    Put down but refusing to stay  
    Blocked but not stopped  
    Sometimes almost about to quit, but knowing that  
    Help was always there,  
    An out stretched hand,  
    A pleasant smile, or silent  
    prayer . . .

Remembering  
    The early years  
    Yes, play and laughter,  
    Occasional tears  
    Growing to be the best  
    In school, community and beyond

College, a super-star  
And yet, not big-headed  
In the Ivys  
Right in his League  
At the Bench  
A thorough and creative mind  
At the Bar  
Sensitivity, perseverance and courage  
"You will not deprive this child of justice. I will fight 'til  
my last breath"  
And he did.

Again the poet says, "Life for me ain't been no crystal stair".

Brother,  
Gone, but not long  
We follow your footsteps  
Brother  
Gone, but still here — our spirits hold hands  
Brother  
Gone, but not far  
Your memory remains deep in our hearts  
Brother  
Not gone, for to paraphrase the poet,  
Dear Brother  
AND STILL — TOGETHER, WE RISE!